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Students of Bryn Mawr College

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THE COLLEGE NEWS

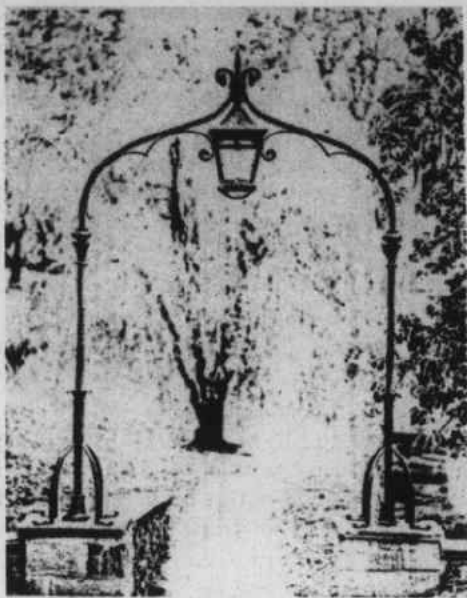
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BRYN MAWR COLLEGE

MAY 5, 1995



Entering and leaving Bryn Mawr

by Nicole Coleman

When I saw the sign posted outside Rhoads cafeteria for last requests for pieces for the Bryn Mawr newspaper, I saw my chance to contribute lessons of my experience here at Bryn Mawr to the community, as well as leave my sincere thanks to the various paths that I've crossed here. In case you haven't met me, I am a senior exchange student from Spelman College. I will take the liberty to add that I am a graduating senior, and thus was born the above title. Entering and leaving different worlds has been a constant subject weighing on my mind here. Unfortunately, I've stumbled on several occasions when trying to answer the question of how I'm finding my experience here, but in the last month, after successfully getting over my culture shock of entering Bryn Mawr I can honestly say that I've discovered why I'm here.

I recently took the opportunity of reading bell hooks' *Sisters of the Yam*, on Black women and self-recovery. Although I purchased the book in my junior year, I never got past the first chapter until this semester. One point in particular that I found relevant to my state of mind and purpose here is the concept of leaving and coming home. I have not lived at home with my family for eight years now, and most of my life has been spent in a white environment. As I reflect back to my experience of entering Spelman, an African-American women's college, I remember being overwhelmed with the joy of seeing African-American women and men everywhere. Despite various backgrounds, here was a group of people who were in essence myself, and as extensions of myself, my family. I had come home. Having had to deal with issues of race all of my life, here was a place I could find people with the same experiences, and in that I found comfort.

For several reasons, by the time it was my senior year at Spelman College, I felt

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Students demand an Asian-American studies department

by Helen S. Kim

Tuesday, April 25 was a "Day of Fasting" for colleges and universities nationwide who support students at Northwestern University who are protesting and demanding an Asian American studies department. The Asian American Advisory Board submitted a comprehensive 200 page proposal requesting an Asian American studies department to the administration of Northwestern. The proposal for an Asian American studies department has previously been rejected three times. The administration justified the denial of AAAB's proposal on the grounds that a Korean language program would provide students with an opportunity to "help understand" the Asian American experience. The administration also

argued that members of the faculty were encouraged to incorporate the Asian American viewpoint and experience into all areas of the curriculum. As of April 25, students supporting the creation of an Asian American studies department had been on a hunger strike for twelve days.

Dean Laurence Dumas met with AAAB to discuss his commitment to a proposal for an Asian American studies department. Dean Dumas stated that while he awaits formal approval from the faculty and recommendations from the Curricular Policies Committee, he has committed funds sufficient for the teaching of four courses in Asian American studies for the 1995-1996 academic year. He added that if the faculty fails to reach a definitive conclusion this year, funds will be

allocated for the 1996-1997 year. The proposed courses would be taught by temporary or existing faculty. However, AAAB refused the administration's terms on the basis that such plans would not guarantee permanence. In a reply letter to Dumas, AAAB asserted that the administration could be more "forceful" about incorporating Asian American courses into the curriculum. AAAB contended that the administration could act without going through the Curricular Policies Committee and start hiring individuals with expertise in the field.

Currently, AAAB is no closer to a compromise with the administration. The administration has been conducting closed-door meetings and has been attempting to portray AAAB as the contentious party unwilling to negotiate. The administration is also asserting that AAAB did not go through the proper channels in making their demands. A takeover of the president's office is an unviable option because police have been routinely following Asian American students. Similarly, President Bienen is out of town and his absence would render such actions futile and ineffective. One of AAAB's remaining options is to challenge the university to an open forum discussing the issue.

Princeton University students were encouraged and inspired by Northwestern students and began their own sit-in demonstration at the office of President Shapiro, demanding that the administration expand the Asian American and Latino studies department. Seventeen students began the sit-in and emerged triumphant 36 hours later. After a meeting between administrators and student negotiators, the provost signed a pledge to create four to seven faculty positions for Asian American and Latino studies. At the onset of the meeting between the administration and students, there was no commitment to increase Princeton's library holdings for books related to Asian American and Latino studies. The library held less than 200 books on Asian American studies and less than 300 books on Latino studies.

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Student art exhibit: Centennial Campus Center Gallery, May 1—May 14. "Brand" by Mika Tajima is among the works shown.

INSIDE: SUMMER READING

EDITORIAL

Tolerance as a tradition

One of the first anossas to go up after the participants in last Sunday's step-sing had made their way from the Erdman Living Room rainsite to Taylor Hall was, "Respect!" Apparently, the seniors who shouted "Respect!" were expressing their disgruntlement with the fact that several undergraduates who had not been able to fit into Erdman Living Room had decided to have their own informal step-sing on Taylor Steps. The two groups met when the "official" step-sing moved out to Taylor for the changing of the steps.

By some, the unofficial sing was perceived as a sign of disrespect against the Traditions and Songs Mistresses, who had worked hard to organize a rainsite for the sing and to make sure that the indoor sing went smoothly. While all of the students appreciated these efforts, it was the case that not everyone could fit comfortably in the living room. Late-comers had three options: they could stand outside the living room; they could go back to their rooms; or they could go hold a step-sing of their own.

The step-sing is an important tradition to many of the students at this college, mostly because it is *fun*. If crowding is going to make a step-sing unpleasant for some of the students, what is the harm if those students choose to hold an informal one at which they can enjoy themselves?

The people who went to Taylor steps early meant no disrespect to anyone involved in organizing the sing. They didn't interfere with the proceedings of the official step-sing. They simply went off and did their own thing.

In a community where diversity and tolerance are so often discussed, one would think that this action could be accepted. When a group acts for its own good, and when this action does no harm to others, such behavior should certainly be tolerated.

After the shouts of "Respect!" ceased, another senior decided to respond: "Mutual respect!" was her solution to the perceived conflict.

It is only if we respect each other and each other's choices that we can truly be a community. Bryn Mawr will not be a community if people are asked to prove their commitment to and respect for others by hurting themselves.

Letter to the Editors

To the editors:

I am writing in response to Locke K. Brown's inflammatory letter regarding Trilby John's February 14th article. Ms. Brown begins by stating that Ms. John was "bemoaning" the use of police intervention to control the innocuous procession of Alpha Kappa Alpha, Inc., pledges from the University of Pennsylvania. Her use of the word "bemoan" was inappropriate, as it trivializes the concern expressed in Ms. John's article. Ms. John wasn't simply whining or lamenting about the issue. She was, in fact, giving her commentary on the significance of the incident which occurred and how it was handled.

Ms. Brown next declares that this incident was "emblematic of insensitivity." Insensitive!!! Noise is part of college life that is not restricted to the weekend. The majority of students do not complain when loud, drunken Mawrters pass through the halls, when impromptu night rugby occurs on the green, or when students occasionally converse loudly during quiet hours. I think the "insensitivity" occurred when the student(s) who felt violated called for outside help without first confronting the AKA's.

I question Ms. Brown's sincerity when she states that, "the movement to diversity is positive." How can she feel so positive if she goes on to say "the solipsistic character of so many of the hyphenated groups that clamor for attention is discouraging." How much diversity is okay with Ms. Brown? The people to whom she refers as "hyphenated" are people of mixed or diverse heritage who wish to be so named. The very reason people label themselves as Italian-American or Mexican-American, etc., is to challenge clinical and inappropriate labels and/or categories, such as "hyphenated groups." Ms. Brown also trivializes the struggle many people endure for the sake of diversity and the right to self-determination by describing this struggle as a "clamor for attention in the media." Protests against ignorance, such as the demonstrations held at Rutgers University concerning statements made by its president, are not simple noise making! What this is, is an affirmation of our rights to free speech. These groups of

people, often bound by common heritage, are not "solipsistic." A use of this word implies that these groups are completely self-centered and serve no one but themselves. While some individuals may be solipsistic, the purpose of the groups recognizing their individuality is so that the world will be more accepting of the uniqueness which characterizes both individuals and the groups to which they belong.

"Class action is a...self-defeating basis for friendship." Are those who experience injustice expected to keep quiet in the name of "friendship?" Come on! Dormitories with "beautiful dining rooms where people once shared their personal concerns" is not enough to pacify the masses. Why does Ms. Brown say this kind of togetherness is no longer possible? We at Bryn Mawr College may have differences, but we still befriend one another and find ways to discuss issues democratically.

At the end of her letter Ms. Brown spares no expense in making assumptions about people who are under-represented on college campuses. First, minority students do not associate based on socioeconomic standing. Minority students vary in their class backgrounds just as widely as non-minority students. A blatant generalization is made when Ms. Brown characterizes minority students as being underprivileged and non-minority students as being "privileged and mainstream." What constitutes "main-stream," and who fits into this category? By saying that non-minority students are all "main-stream," Ms. Brown implies that minority students belong to subversive cultures. This, and her suggestion that all minority students lack privilege, are just not true.

Lastly, I think that the final statements of Ms. Brown's letter are truly inappropriate. Did her words which mention the formation of secret societies, in retaliation to special interest groups, intend to threaten those who do not conform? Ms. Brown's cryptic warnings did not fall on deaf ears. Her final sentence was the catalyst which sparked me to write in response to her letter which reeks of ignorance.

Sincerely,
Micah Marie Morton
Bryn Mawr '97

THE COLLEGE NEWS

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The College News does not accept any paid advertising.
Free announcements from or for the community are welcome.

The next deadline will be in September. Letters and articles should be sent to our mailbox (C-1716), or placed outside our Denbigh Office (X7340). All submissions should be on MAC disks or hard copy. Disks will be returned via campus mail (we promise). Submissions are accepted from any member of the community, and are not edited for content. All opinions expressed in articles or letters are those of the author only, and are not representative of those of the editorial board. Come to Thursday night meetings at 8pm in the Denbigh office above the language lab or call one of the editors if you are interested in contributing to the paper. Subscriptions are available for \$15/year in the U.S., \$29 overseas.

STATEMENT OF PURPOSE: The College News is a feminist newsjournal which seeks to provide a forum for the students, faculty, administration, and staff of Bryn Mawr. We welcome ideas and submissions from all members of the community, as well as from outside groups and individuals whose purpose or functions are connected to those of the College. Each article represents the views of its author, not necessarily those of the paper.

CORRECTIONS: Because the Howl does not print a corrections column, we thought we'd do the gracious favor of letting you know that the College News's dictionary does, in fact, contain the word "Haverford" (better luck on your research next time, gyrls). We are not proud of this fact, and are even more distraught that the spellcheck consistently tells us that "Bryn Mawr" doesn't exist. Microsoft will not succeed in silencing us!

News from Traditions

by Ellen Herr and Sarah Wakefield

Rain happens. Unfortunately it strikes even on May Day, much to the dismay of this campus. One likes to think that Traditions can survive a little drizzle, but we'd prefer sunshine for the next year. Hi! We're the new Traditions Mistresses, Ellen Herr and Sarah Wakefield, and we'd like to get some information out before everyone leaves.

First of all, and enormous thank you to the Mawrters who helped with May Day decorating: the rugby team for blowing up balloons, the seniors who climbed ladders and taped streamers, the Erdman residents who painted ivy on the pillars, and one soph rep. You guys did a fantastic job, and we are eternally grateful.

For those of you who didn't lend a hand, we'll explain why you should have. About three years ago a resolution was passed at Plenary concerning decoration.

Because it is a huge job, all Bryn Mawr students are now obliged to give one hour to help prepare for May Day. We didn't do a stellar job with publicity, so we understand why many women may not have known this fact or that the decorating was even occurring on Saturday.

By now you may have seen flyers around campus about May Day entertainment. We really want to hear what people liked and didn't like this year, and suggestions are welcome. Do you have a complaint? Tell us so we can try to do something about it. Did you love a particular performer or event? We'd like to know.

We're excited about Traditions for the coming year. Please feel free to contact us at X7639, Box C-1042 or C-635, or by email, before the year ends. See you on Parade night in September!

Amnesty International News

Bi-Co Amnesty International urges you to write letters to inquire about unexplained "disappearances" in Brazil. The information about the disappearances appears here in the form of letters, in order to encourage interested readers to write to Brazilian officials. (You can either copy the letters as they are printed or use the information to write your own letter.) Two letters follow:

Exmo. Sr. Governador de Estado de Rio de Janeiro
Sr. Marcelo Alencar
Palacio Guanabara
Rua Pinheiro Machado s.n.
22.231 Rio de Janeiro, RJ BRASIL

Dear Your Excellency,

I have recently heard about the death, and circumstances surrounding the death of Edmeia da Silva Euzebio. Her son, Henrique da Silva was 17 when he, and 10 of his friends "disappeared" in July 1990. They "disappeared" from Mage in Rio de Janeiro state, where they had gone into hiding to escape the attentions of local police. Some of them had been accused of involvement in crimes. They were being blackmailed by the police and could no longer afford to pay. According to a military police investigation, they were abducted by a group of detectives and military police from Rio de Janeiro. Nothing has been heard of them since. Further, since their bodies have not been found, no one has

been prosecuted.

Since then, Edmeia de Silva Euzebio and the other mothers of the "disappeared" have been searching for, inquiring about and protesting the case. In January 1993 she and a friend were shot dead as they walked down a street in Rio de Janeiro. Now, the Mothers of Acari fight on, not just for their children, but now also for Edmeia da Silva Euzebio. I urge that an investigation be launched to look into the death of Edmeia da Silva Euzebio. I further urge an investigation to begin of the "disappearance" of the Mage Eleven. I implore that those found responsible for these two actions be brought to justice. Finally, I urge that the remaining Mothers of Acari be protected from any such further actions.

Sincerely,
Your name
Your home address

* * *

Exmo. Sr. Nelson Jobim
Ministro da Justica
Esplanada dos Ministerios, Bloco 23
70.064 Brasilia, DF BRASIL

Dear Your Excellency:

I am extremely concerned about the "disappearance" of Alexander Santos Cunha and Jose Francisco do Rosario Filho, who were last seen on 11 March 1995 in the neighborhood of Miguel Cuoto, Municipality of Belfour Roxo,

Baixada Fluminense, in Rio de Janeiro. Witnesses' accounts indicate that the two men were detained by uniformed members of the military police and taken in a vehicle to an unknown destination.

Relatives of Alexander Santo Cunha, age 19, and Jose Francisco do Rosario Filho, age 32, have made inquiries at the Belfour Roxo 54th Police Station without success. The police deny having taken them to the police station and initially refuse to accept the complaint presented by the relatives; however, the complaint was later accepted. The relatives have also searched hospitals and the morgue (Instituto Medico Legal), but they have been unsuccessful. Although the men's "disappearance" and their photographs have been publicized in the local press, there has not been any response. Witnesses of the incident are also reluctant to make public statements about the incident for fear of their own safety.

I urge you to investigate the "disappearance" of Alexander Santos Cunha and Jose Francisco do Rosario Filho and have their whereabouts disclosed. I also urge you to ensure the physical safety of the witnesses of the incident. I also remind you that the whereabouts of Jorge Antonio Careli and Marco Antonio Rufina da Cruz, both reportedly detained in Rio de Janeiro in August 1993 and November 1994 respectively, have still not been clarified. Thank you.



Anti-Arabic sentiment in the wake of Oklahoma bombing

By John Catalinotto
(reprinted with permission from Workers' World Service)

On April 19 a major explosion destroyed much of the nine-story-high Federal Building in Oklahoma City. It killed more than 100 of the 550 workers and most of the 41 children who are usually in the building during working hours, and injured hundreds more.

Government reports indicate that the explosion's source was a 1,000-pound car bomb set off in a rented van at street level. One of the most damaged areas was the child-care center on the second floor of the federal building.

Initially most of the mainstream news media and some government officials pointed their fingers at "Islamic terrorists." Before they were forced to give up this approach, they had quickly launched an unholy war of propaganda against Arabs, Moslems and Middle Eastern people in general.

Secretary of State Warren Christopher announced hours after the bombing that he had sent Arabic interpreters to aid federal investigators. Former U.S. Rep. Dave McCurdy spoke about "very clear evidence" of the involvement of "fundamentalist Islamic terrorist groups" in the bombing. No such evidence existed.

Even after the government arrested a U.S.-born white male with a right-wing history and connections, much of the media still blamed Islamic people.

The big-business media and politicians have caricatured Middle Eastern peoples

for decades. More recently they have demonized leaders like Iran's Ayatollah Khomeini, Libya's Muammar Qaddafi and Iraq's Saddam Hussein, and have attacked Islam in general. This has all fit in with U.S. corporations' aim to control the world's oil supply by crushing every Middle Eastern government that doesn't submit to Washington.

The initial coverage of Oklahoma City, as analyzed by the group Fairness and Accuracy in Reporting, stuck to this anti-Moslem line.

Some early radio reports fabricated out of whole cloth a claim that the Nation of Islam was involved in the bombing. Other news organizations, including CNN, reported that investigators were seeking to question several men described as "Middle Eastern" in appearance.

The authorities made sure that any Middle Easterner who had been seen anywhere near the federal building was rounded up.

Two Arab men who had driven from Dallas to Oklahoma City to take care of some paperwork at the Immigration and Naturalization Service office there were questioned for 16 hours. One Jordanian-American engineer who had flown from Oklahoma City to London was forcibly brought back to the United States for questioning.

Rep. Henry Hyde said he wanted to restrict people from the Middle East from entering the U.S. "We should keep them from getting into the country in the first place," he said.

CBS's Tom Snyder presented a segment on "Mideast behavior and terrorism" in which he examined "the Mideast mindset." He noted that there are "Islamic students in Oklahoma."

On April 21, New York Times columnist A.E. Rosenthal called for tougher U.S. actions against the governments of Libya, Iraq, Iran and Syria.

Two columns in the Chicago Tribune said Arab-Americans were involved in the bombing. This stereotyping of Middle Easterners as criminals became all the more obvious when a white, U.S.-born military veteran was arrested.

None of the reports emphasized that in 1992-1993 alone U.S.-based right-wing groups had promoted and carried out 27 bombings of women's health clinics and other attacks on abortion providers, some resulting in deaths.

The anti-Moslem propaganda took its toll. Hamzi Moghrabi, chairperson of the Washington-based Arab-American Anti-Discrimination Committee, said, "There has been harassment in the work place and the school."

Children particularly were subject to this harassment. Moghrabi said his group received reports of incidents in New York, Houston, Los Angeles, Chicago and Orlando, Fla.

In Oklahoma City, Suhair Al Mosawi said her living-room window was broken April 22 when someone threw a stone through it. Frightened and shocked, she went into premature labor. Her child was stillborn.

Sit-in

continued from page 1

After the sit-in, the administration agreed to increase library holdings in these areas. Similarly, six million dollars that was originally earmarked for a broadly designed program in American studies was set aside specifically for Asian American and Latino studies. The university is committed to filing four to seven new faculty positions. Likewise, a vacant position for the Caribbean studies program in the history department will now be filled by a professor who will have a direct tie to either Asian American or Latino studies. In addition, the Committee on Diversity and Liberal Education and the Caribbean Studies Department, both of which were inactive before, will be revived.

On Wednesday, April 26, approximately sixty BMC students held a candlelight vigil expressing our solidarity with Northwestern students. President McPherson and Dean Mehta also attended this vigil. The vigil further served to create an awareness of events at Northwestern and of the general need for ethnic studies at any liberal arts college. Members of ASA and Mujeres spoke of the need for a curriculum that reflected the historical, social, and cultural contributions of all Americans. The experiences and lives of people of color have been invalidated and negated for too long. The absence of Asian American and Latina history and literature in college and university curriculums nationwide reflects the persistent view of Asian Americans and Latinas as perpetual foreigners and immigrants.

A petition expressing our solidarity with Northwestern students was signed. Likewise, a committee headed by Karen Patwa was formed to initiate an Asian American studies program on our own campus. Currently, only one class related to Asian American studies is being taught. Most of the classes taught in the Latin American studies department focus on the history and literature of Spain. Most of the attendants of the vigil felt that President McPherson should be approached about formally expressing BMC's solidarity with Northwestern students.

The best way for students at BMC to express solidarity with Northwestern students is to initiate ethnic studies departments of our own. We all know that the establishment of an ethnic studies department at any college or university signifies a recognition of all people of color who live in this country. Emotions ran high at our vigil and the urgent need for action was felt by all. It was very heartening to see such enthusiasm and commitment on the part of students, especially during such chaotic and stressful times.



SUMMER READING

Uh-oh: another definitive novel on Gen X

by Bronwyn Nettles

Technicolor Pulp by Arty Nelson, Warner Books; March 2, 1995. \$18.95

I have always been opposed to the heavy dissecting style of slice and probe that seems to be the modus operandi of English classes. Taking a long-dead author's work and then peering at it through a myopic lens of literary criticism, attempting to glean some in-depth meaning behind the artist's use of one pronoun over another, or the significance of the sandwich the character eats while reading his morning paper, seems uncertain a way of really interpreting the precise intent of the author. My natural aversion to this practice puts me in an odd position as an amateur critic to sit down and try to express without cranky bias my impression of the novel entitled *Technicolor Pulp*, by the L.A. based writer Arty Nelson. Fortunately his writing style does not leave many subtleties to argue over, but the general theme of the book left me stumped, and I couldn't help but begin to feel the need for some English professor to take a look at this and tell me it was more than what its dull surface read.

To begin, Nelson's novel is his debut, and to look at it as some definitive piece of work seems premature. The accompanying publicity made zealous statements of *Pulp* as "the definitive Generation X story, a *Tropic of Cancer* for the end of the millennium," and "kaleidoscopic prose that is pure Henry Miller-meets-Jack Kerouac by way of Martin Amis." Reading these reviews before reading the book made me shiver with a faint nausea at the thought of one more hip slacker-oriented take on the supposed "X Generation" that no one believes exists except those sitting in their comfortable middle-aged armchairs, reflecting on why the youth of America is supposedly different from the youth of America 20 years

prior. Needless to say, after reading the book, I couldn't help but agree with the critics in the sense that Arty Nelson seems to try his damndest to create this mythological "X beast" by use of his egocentric character Jimi Banks and his decidedly one-dimensional prose.

The story opens with out dear mid-20's

interest too, but I'm the only interest I've got. I'm in love and I'm not in love. I'm free and I've never felt more trapped in my life." This is the general paradoxical mantra that Jimi chants in his head throughout the rest of the story, regardless of the scenario. Like the ever-annoying Duracell bunny, it never stops.



hero, Jimi Banks, phoning his father to ask for more cash to support a trip to London. The book is in first person narrative, and we get the blunt and bloated inner monologue of Jimi as the only "moral" interpreter in a land of nonchalant drugs, sex, and rock and roll. As he attempts to convince "Pops" to fork over some cash, we hear the wheels clicking and whirring in Jimi's rusty head, "I'm fat, bloated, angry, I don't have a job, and those are the obvious problems. I'd lose

The story follows Jimi's ill-fated trip to London, where he meets up with his friend, Doobe, from college. Having just broken up with his girlfriend, Lindsey, Jimi prowls the city in a drunken haze attempting to forget her by getting laid. He fools himself at times but is never fulfilled, never happy. He manages to stay in London for several months by way of his greasy charm and his friends' pocket-books. Getting bored with London (like everything in his life) he heads to Paris for a

quick jaunt to drink some more, smoke some more, and make fun of the snail-chompers. The book is peppered with raw and horrific moments, such as Jimi's discovery of herpes sores all over his beloved cock, right before he has a date with some luscious Brit girl he's been trying to bone. And then there is the scene where he chokes a kitten, and the pages and pages of misogynist ramblings about so and so's gorgeous "cunt" and his memory of the accidental rape of his ex-girlfriend (oh! now we understand why she broke up with him!).

Essentially, Jimi is an unlikable guy, at least to any self-respecting woman; however, there is something to be said for his blatant rage and confusion and his politically incorrect manner of expression. You come to hate him but grudgingly respect that Nelson has given Jimi an uncensored mind and mouth that forces you to look at the vile demons we all pretend to not know within ourselves. For his honesty, I give Jimi, and Arty Nelson, a big beaming thumbs-up. Nelson's curt, tight, and wildly fast prose is witty and interesting. But though the reading is fast, it is not painless. I couldn't decide whose ass I wanted to kick more, Jimi's for being a self-indulgent whiny pig, or Nelson's for having created this monster in the first place.

Nelson's style is something new, and it is fresh, albeit smelly. I liked his lack of the omniscient and wise voice of a reflective and detached narrator, but at the same time felt that this was the book's greatest weakness. I could not tell if Nelson was leaving the judgement of the actions of his despicable character to the reader's discretion, or if he just didn't have the moral strength himself to create a cohesive and conclusive ending to the moral dilemma he so readily creates. This book was a bit like Frankenstein, brilliant in its conception, but, once animated, a bit of a monster.

The best cookbooks

by Julia Alexander

Well, the year is at an end, and anyone who reads this column frequently might be thinking to herself, "Self, what am I going to do all summer without Julia's recipes to help me out in the kitchen?" Well, never fear! I have something better than my recipes! I have a list of my favorite cookbooks for you, so that you can learn how to make up your own recipes, or at least find all of those things you can never remember how to make on your own!

The Joy of Cooking is the best basic cookbook you're going to come across. You probably won't use all of the recipes (why they thought the average American was going to need a recipe for hedgehog is beyond me), but it also tells you how to do most of the basic cooking stuff. Get a good paperback edition, and make sure you're getting all of the book, since some of the paperback versions are in two volumes.

The Monday-to-Friday Cookbook is another set of good, basic meals, in this case written by a chef who realizes that people want to eat something decent without spending a lot of time in the kitchen. It's by Michele Urvater, and it's one of my favorite entree-type cookbooks.

Cooking with the Dead, by Elizabeth Zipern.

I have to admit that I own this one almost purely for amusement value, and have yet to try any of the recipes, but it gives all sorts of stories about the people who cook as they follow the Dead, and it's a fun thing to have on your cook-book shelf.

The Moosewood Cookbook, and the other ones of that series, by Mollie Katzen. These are the best vegetarian cookbooks I've come across, and they're fun to read as well. Nice, sensible, solid sorts of things.

Speaking of vegetarian, another good book to read is *Diet for a Small Planet*, by Frances Moore Lappe. This isn't really a cookbook, but it sort of explains some of the reasons for being a vegetarian and why you should avoid processed food and preservatives whenever possible.

Finally, there's the *Complete I Hate to Cook Book*, by Peg Bracken. These tend to be heavy on the preservative-laden, processed food sorts of things, but it's a fun read, and it gives a lot of hints for the sorts of things you can do to make cooking easier and more convenient. I'd also recommend *Cooking for your Evil Twin*, but that's based on a skim in the bookstore a year or so ago, and I can't remember who wrote it, either....

So enjoy your summer cooking, and come back with all sorts of new and exciting things you can make for us to eat!



kick back and relax with one of our suggestions for summer pleasure reading!

ING SUGGESTIONS



Scary fairy tales for adults

by Julia Alexander

The Armless Maiden, and Other Tales for Childhood's Survivors. Edited by Terri Windling. Tor Books, April, 1995. \$22.95.

I picked this book up on the basis of the editor: I've never been disappointed with the quality of the stories in a collection edited by Terri Windling. I've gotten through most of the stories in the book in the month or two that I've had it, and I think that it was well worth my \$22.95, plus tax.

There is a combination of new and old in this anthology, with names with which a frequent reader of fantasy will be familiar: Charles DeLint, Jane Yolen, Ellen Kushner, Tanith Lee, and Terri Windling, to name a few. This is well-worth

picking up, and I have heard that it is best to read the stories in order, although I enjoyed the book quite a bit, reading it, as usual,

entirely out of order.

The stories seem to read more as well-done essays than as fairy tales, but this may be in part that the book is a combination of short stories, poems, and essays. While the subject matter seems a bit daunting at first ("childhood and its darker passages," to quote from the jacket liner), the book manages to convey the intensity of fairy tales without the trite grimness of many works about abuse.

Many of the stories seem more like essays, in that the message would stand without the plot, and that the authors work through their ideas with a professionalism often lacking in short stories. These are thought-pieces, both on the part of the author and the reader.

The stories and essays in this book have many of the qualities of the old versions of fairy tales, before they were washed bare of sex and violence. They are dream-like in their intensity, without being pretentious. These are the sorts of stories that I can vaguely remember curling up with when I was about ten, all of those grim things about Baba Yaga and monsters that ate children, and the other stories that gave me nightmares until I would go back to Beverly Cleary just to get some sleep at night. But these are adult versions of those stories: they can still give you nightmares, but it is more from recognizing the reality of the

monsters than it is from cringing away from their unreality.

These stories are metaphors, for the most part. They use the language of fairy tales to tell very real-world stories. There are also essays, which bridge the gaps between the readers and the stories, either discussing real life, or explaining the uses of fairy tales in finding a language to create our worlds. The stories are feminist in that they serve to make us aware of how the world we structure through fairy tales influences how we perceive the world around us, as well as in the more traditionally feminist sense of working towards empowering women (and control over monsters, be they giants, relatives, rapists, or memories, is an example of empowerment).

While many of these stories are sad or frightening, they read with a bright-and-dark quality that keeps them from being unbearably grim. And some of them are entirely pleasant to read (that is, with none of the disturbing elements of some of the other stories) which keeps the book from being altogether too intense.

And, just in case none of this was enough to induce you to buy the book, the authors have put their money where their mouths are, so to speak, and have donated the money they would have made on royalties to support "agencies offering shelter, counseling, and medical care to abused children."

Julia's picks

by Julia Alexander

Summer! Remember all of those lazy afternoons, lying on a blanket in the shade, reading something just because it's fun, and not because you have a class tomorrow? Just in case you have the chance to do a bit of fun reading, I thought I'd give you a list of some of the books that I think make for good summer reading.

Outlander, Dragonfly in Amber, and Voyager by Diana Gabaldon. I wouldn't usually recommend romance novels, let alone ones that involve time travel, but these are really quite well-done. (And pretty believable, aside from the time travel!)

Alien Pregnant by Elvis, an anthology edited by Ester Friesner and Martin Greenburg. The title should tell you all you need to know, but the stories are also pretty good.

Toni Morrison is good, although I have to spread her books out over a while, or I start getting a little strange. I also like Margaret Atwood and Bharati Mukherjee, but they're also inclined to be a little intense for beach reading. (Not that I ever get to go to the beach, but if I did, these would be a little more demanding than I might want.)

I tend to read children's books like candy over the course of a summer: they're nice and nostalgic, and they don't demand much of my intellect. The same can be said of comic books, but you'll want to keep these out of the hands of the sort of people who have jelly or suntan lotion on their fingers most of the time....



Disoriented handbook seeks help!

by Julia Alexander

Okay, everyone. Here we are at the end of yet another semester, and I still haven't gotten around to sending out surveys for the "Disorientation Handbook" that I keep intending to compile. I'm not trying to take over someone else's project, but since I don't see anyone else getting around to it either, I think I'll give this one more try. What I'd like all of you to do is get copies of the survey that will follow, send them to any of your friends that you think will fill them out, and send them back to me either by campus mail (C-367) or e-mail (jalexand) sometime before the end of the summer. I'd really appreciate as many answers as I can get, so that I will be able to put together a book that will help us all.

Hopefully. If I get around to it.... Anyhow, send in these questionnaires, and I will hopefully have a book available for your use next fall. And if you're a graduating senior, think of the power you will have over future generations of Mawrters by the mere weight of your opinions!

1. What year are you?
2. What dorm(s) have you lived in? Did you like it? Why, or why not?
3. Who have your favorite profs been? Why?
4. Who have your least favorite profs been? Why?
5. Please mention your favorite and least favorite classes, with reasons.
6. What classes/profs do you think everyone should experience before they gradu-

ate?

7. If you had an academic problem, who would you go see, and why?
8. If you had a personal problem, who would you go to for help, and why?
9. Have you gotten an extension? Did it help, or not?
10. What's your favorite place to order out from? (In this area!)
11. Where's your favorite place to eat out? (In this area.)
12. Where do you go shopping?
13. Where do you work, and would you recommend this job to anyone else? (To whom, and why or why not.)
14. What on-campus activities are you involved in?
15. What do you do for fun?
16. What are your favorite meals in the dining hall?
17. What do you eat when those aren't being served?
18. Would you use the health center by choice? Why, or why not, and at what time of day?
19. Would you call a prof or other faculty member at home? Under what circumstances?
20. What makes the "definitive Bryn Mawr experience"? Are you basing this on experience, or hearsay?
21. What do you do to make your room more livable?
22. What is your favorite way of staying awake when you have to?
23. What are your favorite radio stations?
24. Where do you get your news?
25. Do you use e-mail?
26. Do you use public transportation?
27. Do you watch t.v.? (What shows, how often?)
28. How often do you leave campus, and where do you go?
29. What are some of your most frequently used survival tips that you're willing to share? (Remember, these are anonymous.)
30. What do you think I should have asked that isn't on this list of questions? (And please answer the question!)

Whatcha gonna do? See Bad Boys

by Trilby V. John

Spring and finals are upon us and now is the perfect time to go see a movie. What a wonderful way of procrastination movies are, and *Bad Boys: Whatcha gonna do?* is definitely worth the time. Of course, I went to this movie because I was dragged there. I firmly believed that any movie starring both Will Smith and Martin Lawrence was not worth my money. Boy, was I wrong. This was no slipshod comedy with a really bad script. Smith and Lawrence work well together and their very different personalities are what really makes this implausible plot work. The two act as police officers, partners and best friends. Smith, as Mike Lawry, is a rich boy who becomes a cop because "that's all he is or ever wanted to be". As far as he says, his extensive trust fund backing him just in case he should lose his job has nothing to do with his decision. Lawrence, as Marcus Bennett, is married with three

children and a wife "who won't give him any" and throughout the movie, there are numerous jokes about Lawrence's lack of sex. The plot of the movie revolves around them trying to solve a major drug case in which one of Smith's women was accidentally killed. (As a side note, the woman killed is a *Victoria's Secret* model. Seems like anyone can get an acting deal these days.) Naturally, there was a female witness to the murder and she has to be protected from the bad guys. Two fast-paced, action-packed hours later, it is all over and a satisfying ending is reached. Of course, it is not completely a smooth ride to the end. There are many scenes where suspending disbelief is as easy as getting a 4.0. For example, Smith's chasing of a speeding car and catching up to it is just a bit much but it is still easy to love this movie as it is one of the first to star two Africans as cops in the leading roles. It is, of course, a very funny movie even with

all of the action scenes. Lawry and Bennett interrupt harrowing situations to argue with each other which makes everyone but them quite upset. Insults are traded everywhere: Bennett calls Lawry's \$180,000 car a "shiny dick with two chairs in it" and Lawry tells everyone he can "Everybody always wants to be like Mike." Even the music in the movie is a shock. There is very little "hard core" rap music with barely comprehensible lyrics, which would be expected in an action movie of this type. Instead there is some type of classical music with a beat to it. This movie is definitely more than anyone would have expected and it is definitely a must-see. Who would have thought they would have come so far. Remember Smith as the Fresh Prince, rapping *Parents Just Don't Understand* with DJ what's-his-name, and Lawrence, doing stand up at the Apollo? Just goes to show that anybody with a little determination could go far in this world.

The Final Voyager (update, that is)

by Lori Summers

As a famous omnipotent entity once observed, all good things must come to an end, including this column. This will be the last one until next fall, when I'll be in grad school in Ohio but I told Kathryn I'd keep writing it and send it to the College News by e-mail. Anyway, we get three episodes this week instead of two because the due date, usually Friday, is Tuesday! Cool! Good episodes to review this week. As to the Consortium poll, I decided to reprise the original poll to see what happened. Janeway is narrowly the favorite female character over B'Elanna, who still edges Kes out for sexiest. Doc Holodeck is still the favorite male, with the rest of the men pretty evenly distributed, and Chakotay is still sexy as hell with Harry coming in a respectable second place. So good-bye to the Consortium for now, but I have your addresses, so expect to hear from me in the fall!

"State of Flux"—Apr. 10 At last! An episode truly worthy of its Star Trek "space opera" heritage! At last! An episode that could stand side by side with some of the best of TNG! Something for everyone! Mystery! Whodunit! Action! Suspense! Intrigue! Spurred lovers! Misdirection! Red herrings! Mushroom soup! Betrayal! Espionage! Divided loyalties! Threats! Insults! Loose ends that can be tied up in later episodes! Sound bites galore! Poisonous apples! Plot twists! Ugly aliens! Hara kir! I'm free associating and I can't stop! Help! Call Public Safety or something!

There, I stopped. Whew. Now that I'm done gushing, I can actually tell you what the hell I'm talking about. I loved this episode. Very film noir. They may as well all have been wearing zoot suits and skulking around in smoke-filled rooms. I believe it was conscious...I mean, check out some of the actual lines from the episode, like "The one thing I don't understand is... (dramatic pause)...why?" and "I did it for you!" and "Now all we can do is wait" and "I can't believe I ever loved you." Great stuff. Plus they got to really juice up Seska, the character they've been building up as a troublemaker and disruptive influence from the word go...I mean they might as well have named her Ensign Mata Hari. The episodes up until now have all been good, but they've been just that...episodes. Tonight, finally, the plot thickened.

For those of you joining us late, Seska is the latest in a long line of angry young Bajoran women, one of the Maquis who joined up with *Voyager*, and she's been stirring the shitstorm, to coin a phrase. She's got no respect for Janeway or the Federation. It was she who talked B'Elanna into breaking chain of command two weeks ago and she who offered to mutiny if things didn't go the way she wanted them to.

Which brings us to tonight. The first act served to notify us that Seska and Chakotay (who finally gets some decent screen time! Hallelujah!) had been involved in the past (although I wonder how that happened, I mean she isn't even cute...and talk about an attitude problem) and though it was over she still carried a torch. I sympathize.

Cut to Kazon ship in distress. Upon investigation of the explosion that crippled them, it's discovered that Federation tech-

nology was involved, raising the unpleasant specter of a traitor on board *Voyager*. Eventually the suspects come down to Seska and Lt. Carey, who we remember as the guy that got passed over for Chief Engineer in favor of B'Elanna. Of course we never really suspect him because a) he's too much of a jellyfish to try something like this and b) they've really set up Seska as a femme fatale, what with her turbulent past and Chakotay's emotional involvement with her. As Kes and the doctor are looking for compatible crew members to donate blood to the only Kazon survivor, it is revealed that Seska is not Bajoran at all but is, in fact, (dum dum DUM) a Cardassian! I jumped about a foot when Doc Holodeck said that...I definitely didn't suspect it. Chakotay is skeptical.

Meanwhile, the ever-resourceful B'Elanna has recovered the device that caused the explosion and it is revealed to be...a food replicator, with parts from *Voyager*. Chakotay confronts Seska, who puts up some story about having been saved from a childhood disease by a Cardassian bone marrow transplant. Chakotay seems to be buying it, perhaps softened up by her melodramatic declarations made for his benefit...but it's all part of a trap he and Tuvok have concocted to get the perpetrator to reveal him or herself. Big surprise, it's Seska. The way they spring it on her was so reminiscent of Columbo or Ray-

who was working for me?" 2. Janeway, to Kazon captain who's been doing a little saber-rattling—"You know, I'm pretty easy to get along with most of the time, but I don't like bullies, I don't like threats, and I don't like you." *Sexually Slanted Line 'O the Episode*: For the first time, I'm stumped. I couldn't think of any. If anyone has any ideas, let me know!

"Heroes & Demons"—April 24 This one was okay, little silly, but diverting. While Janeway and B'Elanna are examining samples of photonic energy (scientific continuity snafu: "photonic energy" would just be another term for light) Harry turns up missing after being last seen on his way to the holodeck. Chakotay and Tuvok enter the program, which is a holonovel based on Beowulf. They encounter "shield maiden" Freya who informs them that Beowulf (Harry, that is) was killed by Grendel. They are taken to the castle where they convince King Hrothgar (oh, the eighth grade English flashbacks) to let them stand guard and examine Grendel. Well, Grendel shows up and they're both sucked in just like Harry and disappear.

Janeway and Co. realize that Doc Holodeck is the only one who could safely enter the holodeck, so in he goes. He encounters Freya too and tells her his name is...Schweitzer. At his point I should interject that we've now been waiting three

months for Doc Holodeck to get himself a name. I knew he wasn't keeping Schweitzer, not only because they've been telling us it's going to be Zimmerman but also because a) they'd never name him after a real person (Dr. Albert Schweitzer, physician and some kind of African missionary if I remember correctly) and b) they'd never give him a name as goofy as Schweitzer. Anyway, he's hailed as the new hero. He has an encounter with Grendel (after a more, ahem, friendly one with Freya...hubba hubba) which costs him an arm before he can be transferred back to sickbay.

They figure out that the photonic energy samples are lifeforms and they're pissed. Doc Holodeck returns to Denmark and releases their remaining photonic energy being to Grendel, who returns

Harry, Chakotay and Tuvok unharmed and they all lived happily ever after, except Freya, who got killed defending Doc Holodeck, causing him to decide not to keep the name Schweitzer since she died saying it...bad memories and all. All in all enjoyable. Doc Holodeck gets some action...you go, brother! Character Development Update: Chakotay is rapidly becoming the resident commentator on and professor of humanoid culture and anthropology. I guess they figured since he's the only character who's actually connected to his culture that makes him an expert on all cultures. Go figure. *Best Trek Moment*: Doc Holodeck passing himself off as a Danish warrior, right down to gnawing on a leg of elk. *Memorable Quote*: Doc Holodeck: "I can describe every piece of machinery in this sickbay from biobed to neurostimulator...but I've never even seen a sky or a forest." *Sexually Slanted Line 'O the Episode*: Janeway: "Nothing on the holodeck will be able to touch you unless you want it to." I guess he wanted Freya to, hee hee.

"Cathexis"—May 1 Wow, what a great episode. They're getting steadily better. The first four or five already pale in com-

parison to some of the more recent ones.

Chakotay and Tuvok return from a trading mission but their shuttle is damaged and they're both unconscious. Tuvok is okay but Chakotay is brain dead. Tuvok says they were attacked by a ship that came out of a nebula they were passing. They set course back to the nebula but things start happening to the ship to keep them from getting there...course changes, screwing up the navigational computer, that kind of thing. The computer says the tampering was done by various crew members all of whom insist they didn't do it. An analysis of their memories reveals that at the time the tampering occurred another brain wave pattern was imposed over their own. The only explanation is a discorporeal alien that can jump from person to person and control them. As a fail-safe, Janeway transfers command codes to Doc Holodeck since he's not possessible (is that a word?) [Editor's note: the spellchecker says it's not]. Kes says she's been sensing a presence around, Tuvok offers to mind meld with her to enhance her sensations. They are both discovered unconscious in a turbolift shortly thereafter.

The officers devise a plan to perform a magneton flash scan to scan the entire ship simultaneously and locate the alien, which we know is there because we've been seeing alien point-of-view shots floating over people's heads. Doc Holodeck is mysteriously deactivated in a way they can't fix, putting full command back into Janeway's hands. She and Tuvok agree to share the command codes and as they're telling the bridge crew about it there's a great scene where the alien jumps from person to person and everyone starts pulling phasers on each other and punching each other out...but you never know if they're doing it because they're possessed or because they think someone else is. Tuvok finally stuns all of them with a wide beam.

B'Elanna, examining the sensor logs from the shuttle, determines there never was an alien ship. Confronted with his lie, Tuvok takes control of the ship and forces them to go into the nebula, revealing that he is the alien and his people are in the nebula. Meanwhile we are puzzled to see another alien point-of-view shot as it enters B'Elanna who ejects the warp core so they can't move. Tuvok is frustrated, wanting to keep them going. Janeway is confused, wondering how the alien can be in two places at once...until she realizes that ejecting the warp core requires a command code authorization...it must be Chakotay. The computer confirms this and we realize that the real alien has been in Tuvok the whole time and what they thought was the alien was Chakotay's disembodied consciousness trying to keep them from going to the nebula, where he knows there is danger. The alien is expelled from Tuvok with the magneton scan, they escape intact and Doc Holodeck manages to reintegrate Chakotay's mind with his body. HE'S SO COOL...he's brain dead and he's still saving the ship. *Best Trek Moment*: Had to be that way cool scene with Chakotay's mind jumping around the bridge and everyone pulling phasers on each other. *Memorable Quote*: B'Elanna, describing Chakotay's beliefs: "When someone is sleeping or on a vision quest, they say his soul is walking the wheel, but if he is in a coma or near death, they say he has gotten lost." *Sexually Slanted Line 'O the Episode*: No good line that I could see, but how about a sexually slanted moment...after Chakotay woke up, Janeway sure seemed to be having fun stroking his bare shoulder. Ooh la la.

Well that's it for this semester...I hope you've enjoyed reading my little updates as much as I've enjoyed writing them. Keep watching *Voyager*, and next semester we'll discuss the summer's episodes. At least we won't have any reruns for a month or so. It's May...sweeps month. Have a great summer and good luck!



FEATURES! YES, FEATURES!

Entering and leaving BMC

continued from page 1

I needed a new experience. I confronted the soul wrenching realities of sexism, which I believe are found in every racial community, and also questioned whether or not my philosophy of life would stand up once I entered a heterogeneous society. As a result, I found myself in January of 1995 at Bryn Mawr College. It was here that I learned the true meaning of the adage, "Don't let the green grass fool you".

Bryn Mawr is truly a wonderful place full of bright and interesting women. I have learned a lot here. I have learned from and listened to a lot of different stories of people from so many different worlds. I have had a chance to sit out on the grass without worrying about red ants. I have been afforded the opportunity to share in class discussions where everyone has varying viewpoints. I am impressed with many of the women I have encountered, especially their willingness and joy of learning. I have also been gifted with the chance of knowing what it feels like to walk to the library without constantly watching my back, and to study and sleep in an environment without gunshots going off regularly. I have felt at peace with the trees and the squirrels; and the ducks are absolutely great! I had forgotten how wonderful nature truly is.

However, despite the wonderful educational experience I have had here, I can honestly say that I am happy to go home.

I have learned here that one must not wander too far away from one's self. Many times I have been asked whether or not I would recruit for Bryn Mawr. I can honestly say that I would. I think that I have learned an invaluable lesson here at Bryn Mawr. However, I would stipulate that one semester to a year depending on the individual should be the limit. Cultural integration is a necessary factor to the elimination of racism, but no one person should carry that burden alone. The soul needs replenishment.

One piece of advice on entering and leaving is that the community should work on reducing the academic stress level here. I personally believe that it has reached hazardous levels. I have found that the work is not necessarily as hard as at Spelman, but it is very heavy. I have never encountered so many people talking about how much work they have to do. I think the lesson here is to do what you can most efficiently, and what you can't was never meant to get done. In all honesty, it is not worth the ulcers, migraines, high blood pressure, the nervous break downs and early death to be stressed out. So, I leave you with my thanks, love, and appreciation with this final quote, "God grant me the serenity to accept the things that I can not change, the courage to change the things I can, and the wisdom to know the difference."

Sayonara, loves

—the Editors



The ever erudite Ms. Hank

Dear Ms. Hank,

Some friends and I have been having a debate, and I wonder if you could help us out. Some of us think that it's stupid to change font sizes in the hopes of making a paper look longer, and others think that professors don't care so much about the number of words as they do about the number of pages.

Sincerely,
a bunch of paper-writing fools

Dear Fools,

The trick is to remember that content is by far more important than either word count or page count. That said, I am a firm believer in not using any font larger than Courier twelve-point, and I see nothing wrong with switching to a smaller font to get something to fit more neatly onto a page. Good luck, you paper-writing fools, and try to get some sleep before the twelfth, okay?

Death to the Patriarchy,
Ms. Hank

Dykes To Watch Out For



Dykes To Watch Out For

